

Professional Cards.

Cards inserted under this head as follows:
1 inch, per year, \$10
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DENTISTS,
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Office—Main street, over Dentist's store.

Attorneys at Law,
HILLSBORO, O.
Office—Main street, over Dentist's store.

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TRAMP PRINTER

Becomes Again an Interviewer.

Calling on the Governor—Useful Advice—"Our Ben" for President.

Springfield Then and Now—Old Friends, Journalists and Otherwise.

SPRINGFIELD, O., May, unlucky 13.

Mr. Editor—I remained several days in Columbus after writing my last, and as I was taking my morning promenade one day I saw the familiar shape of Charlie McClure, holding up a door-post in front of the American Hotel. Having been away from Hillsboro for nearly a whole day (which makes the average Hillsboro youth very lonesome) he was glad to get an opportunity of looking at somebody who used to live there, and he joined me for a stroll.

CALLING ON THE GOV.

"What do you say," said the tramp (which is me), "to going over and paying our respects to the Governor?"

And Charlie said that was just what he was thinking of doing. So we entered one of the big iron gates and walked up one of the wide walks in the beautiful capitol grounds and up the great stone steps to the office of Ohio's Chief Executive.

Of course about so much red tape business is necessary before you can meet face to face with greatness, and I guess there is probably less of it at the Columbus State House than at others which I have visited during the course of my plaid career. As you may say some day want to call on some Governor, it may not be out of place for me to here give you a few words of advice on the subject. Advice is my one strong point. If there is any one thing that I am better at than another it is giving advice, and I believe that those who have been there will acknowledge that this is about the way of it.

ADVICE.

The visitor will call at the office at some time between daylight and sunset, entering the room labeled, "Governor's Office" (but the Governor ain't there—he's in an adjoining room). Here a young clerk or secretary or something, who fully appreciates the importance of his position, will tell you that the Governor is not in, or that he has gone to Cincinnati, Oskosh, or somewhere or other. If you lie, and say that your business is of great importance (and you certainly will) he will tell you to take a seat, that the Governor is in, he believes, but that he is very busy. And so he is. He is probably refusing, for the nineteenth time to give somebody an appointment to some petty office, or for the forty-seventh time, telling a bald-headed and red-nosed lawyer with a red mustache that he will positively not pardon his client (who was sent up from Missouri back country for embezzlement or horse robbery as the case may be.) Yes, he is probably busy.

The subordinate will peep into into the back room, and will then tell you that the Governor will see you after a while. You will then take a seat, kind of natural like, as if sinking down on gubernatorial upholstery were nothing unusual to you—in fact, as though you had been used to it all your life. You will be sure to suspect that the parties who are sitting near by are observing your embarrassment, and whispering about it. You do not know, and yet it is a fact, that they think you are regarding them with similar suspicions.

You will sit and wait, and occasionally turn around and speak tremulously to your companion, and all the time the hands of the big office clock are rushing wildly past the figures on its face, and you realize that you have about three minutes left, in which to converse with his excellency, go eleven squares, and fill another engagement. At last you decide to postpone seeing the Governor until another day, and you so inform the subordinate and make tracks. About the third time you go through with this experience and they find you are determined to see the Governor or bust, you will be told to step into the back room, and—at last—there you are. The above advice may not facilitate things for you, but it may learn you to be patient.

Well, by-and-by, Charlie and I were invited into the Governor's back room. His Excellency was busily engaged in conversation with a bony, dried-up little old man, and after he left a big man with a hirsute head and big mustache said his turn was next, and the Governor enjoyed a few minutes tete-a-tete with him, during which the Governor frequently knit his brows, chewed his under lip and shook his head negatively. I suspected the caller wanted his cousin, doing time for horse-stealing or arson, pardoned, though of course I may have been mistaken. I think Charlie thought so, too.

At last he quit and we monopolized the Governor for a while.

"Governor," said I in my most gentle accents, "I am happy to meet you, I assure you I am." I said that to reassure him and remove any embarrassment he may have felt at being in my presence.

"I have been waiting sometime in order to interview you," I continued, "but I now have very little time left. I had almost despaired of seeing you at all, but, as I just remarked to my friend here, any enterprising journalist can write an interview without the trifling

formality of talking to the interviewed, and I was thinking I'd have to do that.

"Yes," replied His Excellency, "and that's the way most of them write them. But that one in the State-Journal this morning is genuine." He referred to the interview regarding his remarks on Jeff Davis, made at the G. A. R. encampment, but I know him well enough by reputation.

"You are aware, of course, that your name is being frequently mentioned for the Presidency in '88?" said I, interrogatively.

"Yes," with a good-natured smile, "I see it mentioned in the News-Herald this morning."

Here I was perfectly conscious that I blushed perceptibly, but I don't know whether he noticed it or not. If he did he was good enough not to let on.

And after a few more words of little importance the Governor kindly extended me an invitation to drop in and loaf round the office whenever I felt so disposed we parted.

In regard to his

REMARKS ON JEFF DAVIS

Governor Forsaker said:

"So far as what I said about Jeff Davis is concerned, I have no apologies to make. Much of the feeling that seemed to have been aroused is due to the fact that only a misleading extract of my remarks seems to have been published in the Southern papers. I referred to him, as you will see, only in his relation to the people of the South, who were honoring him. I respect the soldiers of the South for their heroism and bravery, and never have had any trouble getting along with them. But I despise such men as Davis, who brought so much misery to his country, and shall never hesitate to say so. Here is what I said on the subject: I never yet have seen the time, since the war, or before the war closed, when outside of the hostile lines, I could not clasp hands and have respect for the brave man who could take his life in his hand and battle for his convictions, though they were ever so wrong, therefore it is that I can understand why the people of the South can honor those men who were led into that contest, but I can not understand why they should ever honor men such as Jeff Davis, who, knowing better, misled them to their ruin in the attempt to destroy the best Government that the good Lord ever permitted the people to have. Whatever others may represent, this man Jeff Davis who talks about liberty, represents only human slavery, the degradation of labor, the treason of secession and rebellion, the horrors and infamies of Libby and Andersonville, all in short that is most malicious, vicious and dishonorable in American history—to talk of him as an illustrious statesman who is to be honored with Washington in history, is to insult every sentiment of loyalty and decency in this great country he did so much to destroy."

FORAKER FOR PRESIDENT.

There can be no concealing the fact that Joseph Benson Forsaker is looming away up as a possible—even probable—candidate for the next Presidency. One thing is certain, the Republican party could do much worse than nominate our Ben, and if he can't get there, then none of them can. His qualifications are unsurpassed, and he is a recognized chief among the disciples of modern Republicanism. He is a man of whom, if you would meet him on the street without knowing him, you would say to yourself: "There is a man of ability." He towers as did Saul among his fellows, above the Solons and leaders of the present day. The Washington National Republican of May 10th mentions his name as one of the strong ones, and journals, politicians, and the intelligent public who have sense enough to tell which way the wind blows, have long realized that he has before him high honors and a career of rare brilliancy.

If I had anything to wager and was a betting man, I shouldn't hesitate to stake my all on the belief that J. B. Forsaker will live to do honor to the White House by being its occupant, and that at no very far distant day. And then won't we Highlanders "throw up our hats and holler!"

At this writing I am in

THE CHAMPION CITY

Again, after an absence of a year and a half. Time has not dealt over-kindly with Springfield. When I first honored the city with my knightly tread it had all the bustle, activity and voices of a new Western mining town. Money was plenty, wages were good, and everything, as the saying is, I am certain that all my wages went; but then I was young, and didn't draw more than seven dollars a week. Buildings were going up, anybody could get work, and there was life, energy and enterprise enough to turn the head of the asleep-going Hillsboro. Now it is all changed. Wages are low. Money is scarce. The placard "To Let" may be seen on the door of many a building which at that time would not have remained vacant a single day.

There are many reasons for this. Old Bill Whitely, the champion machine man, is charged with causing the present state of affairs. It is certain that things need not have been thus. It is an awful illustration of the power of capital. Some day I am going to make a whole three-column letter, when I shall air some of my own, peculiar, original theories on the subject, and when I may have something to say of Springfield. I was going to do it now, but I want to give it more space than is at my disposal at present.

There used to be just about something less than a million

HILLSBOROANS HERE.

But many of them have flown. Among the stayers whom I have seen is Jap

Marshall, of that model journal the Sunday News; Fred Harwood, of the Gazette, and family, and Mr. John Dogget and family. I also met Mr. John Corner, formerly a resident of Hillsboro. There are lots of worse people in the world than Jack.

While here I have revived some pleasant acquaintances of auld lang syne. I find "Doke" West still in the big room around at the present Globe office. And good old George Harter, one of the best, kindest and fattest men in the congressional district, is the main guy in the office of the new Champion City Times, upon which Whitely is squandering a printer's fortune every day. But he can do many a worse thing with his spare change than divide it among the printers. Harter was the great-I-am-on the Transcript when that sheet was published where the Globe-Republic now is, and I remember him as one of the kindest of employers and most genial of gentlemen. Among the gentlemen of John Reisinger's Big Six and Mose Foreman's Bands I have also met many friends of other days, and I am really sorry that I can only remain here three days.

The people of Springfield are trying to claim that she is going to boom again right away; that the shops are prospering again, and that she will live over again the halcyon days of '81-'83. I hope so. It is a strange but true coincidence that Springfield can date her decline from the time that Barrere II and myself shook her dust from our feet. It may also be worth mentioning that we didn't shake any of her dust from our pockets—I because I hadn't saved any, and because he likes it too well. But that has nothing to do with the case.

Tramp Printer

While suffering from rheumatism I took four doses of Athropore and was soon able to get out of bed and call my mupper. It is worth its weight in gold. C. R. Bruner, Urbana, O.

Little Jack: "My mamma's new fan is hand-painted." Little Dick: "Pooh! Who cares? Our whole fence is."

"I have no appetite," complains many a sufferer. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives an appetite and enables the stomach to perform its duty.

The man who went to the country for "rest and change" says the waiters got most of his change and the landlord the rest.

Stated by H. B. Cochran, druggist, Lancaster, Pa. "I have guaranteed over 300 bottles of Burdock Bitters for dyspepsia, sour stomach, bilious attacks, liver and kidney troubles."

"Are you asleep, baby?" "Yes, mamma, and you know the doctor told you not to wake me to give me my medicine."

File.—All file stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No file after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free to all cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"You never saw my hands as dirty as yours," said a mother to her little girl. "No, but your ma did," was the prompt reply.

During winter the blood gets thick and sluggish, and can not explain its troubles. Mark your baby's symptoms and you may find it troubled with worms; give it Dr. J. H. McLean's Vermifuge and restore it to quietness and health. For sale by Seybert & Co.

Teacher: "How many wars were waged with Spain?" Pupil: "Six." "Enumerate them." "One, two, three, four, five, six."

How many bald heads we see. Work, worry, disease, dissipation. These do it. Parker's Hair Balm stops falling hair and restores color and youthful color. Exceptionally clean, elegant, a perfect dressing, not greasy. Prevents dandruff.

The clergyman having remarked that there would be a fine vein in the church, an old lady whispered that she knew the party to whom he referred.

Children who are troubled with worms see pale in the face, blue rings around their eyes, pick the nose, have variable appetites, are fretful by spells, have bad dreams, are restless in sleep. Dr. J. H. McLean's Liquid or Candy Vermifuge will kill and expel these troublesome parasites. For sale by Seybert & Co.

A recent song has the following refrain: "Oh hug me closer, closer still." Of course there are frequent reasons to give the fellow a chance to comply.

Beautiful Your Home.

Finish the walls and ceilings with Alabaster. You can do it inexpensively; try it. White and twelve times. Cheaper and better than paint, kalsomine or paper. Disinfects and prevents disease. Beautiful sample card free. By drugstore, hardware and paint dealers. \$350 given away. ALABASTER CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

"What does this mean?" asked a scholar who had been scanning some lines written by a friend. "Oh," said another, "it doesn't mean anything. It is poetry."

How Do You Feel.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache, mouth tastes badly, poor appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver or biliousness, and nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as to take Simmons' Liver Regulator. Take a half-tablespoonful after each meal. Increase or reduce the dose as will be found enough to produce one action from the bowels every day, and in a short time you will be perfectly cured.

DOWN TO CALICO.

A Story in Six Chapters.

BY JANIE DIMPLE CHIN.

CHAPTER VI.

The detective stood still, and Dick moved briskly up the walk. This was their first meeting.

"I believe you are Mr. Moore," Dick said, when they stood side by side. The detective nodded and replied stiffly, "I believe you are Mr. Fessenden."

"I came here to see you," said Dick, eyeing Moore keenly. The detective returned the cold stare.

"And I was just starting out to hunt you," Mr. Moore's look implied the cause for such a search.

"I understand you, sir," Dick returned in response to the detective's silent implication. Then the two stood a moment on the doorstep, but neither spoke.

"Let's go in," said Dick, and he placed the key in the night-lock and threw the door open, explaining as he did so, how he had received the key from the housekeeper, when he met her down the street.

Dick stopped to shut the door, and the detective passed through the hall and into Mr. Fessenden's bed-room, where Dick followed him. Mr. Moore took the arm-chair by the desk, and shoved a chair toward Dick. When both were seated Dick opened the ball by saying,

"Well, sir, I have read the reports in the morning newspapers, and now I want to know something about this case."

"If you have read the morning papers, you know my opinion in the case," the detective answered, coolly. "All that remains to be done is to work up a few additional proofs."

Mr. Moore knew this expression was hazardous, but he did not intend to "back down" until some new clue compelled him to.

"If you can't do better than that, I think you need some help."

The detective did not heed Dick's sarcastic fling.

"What are you going to do about it?" he asked.

A quotation of Tweed under such circumstances did not please Dick.

"I think," he replied, warmly, "if I were working on this case, and could gather no stronger array of evidence than you present, I would not dare to make known my suspicions to any one, much less claim in public print that I had found the criminal."

Mr. Moore arranged some papers on the desk. Then he looked straight at Dick.

"This is a serious matter," he said. "I was employed by Mr. Seymour to work up this case, and I have done my best. I have found the man. Heretofore you took no interest in the case, and at this late day, you come in to find fault. Now, sir, you have no business to interfere."

"Business to interfere," Dick repeated, in blank amazement. "Very strange, sir, that I have no right to know your theory of my uncle's murder, especially when you accuse me of murdering him. Mr. Moore, I am a lawyer, and I know as well as you, that the stuff which you have gathered, and which you call the proof in this case, is as absurd as a tunnel through the earth. I left the case with you and Mr. Seymour, not wanting to appear as an avenger of blood. When you and he have made such a gigantic blunder, I feel like taking hold of the matter myself."

"You forget what the evidence is against you, Mr. Fessenden."

"Give me the time you have had, Mr. Moore, and I can come nearer proving you guilty than you have to proving me guilty," was the speedy rejoinder. "You would be afraid to introduce such nonsense before any jury, for you would be laughed at. Now, what have you more than the published statements?"

"I believe I told you I would not unfold my views of the evidence, but the main points have been published. Those you know."

The detective knew that Dick's statements were unvarnished truth, but he had heard criminals arguing their innocence before, and he was not satisfied with simple denials.

"Then if you won't unfold your views to me, I will unfold some of mine to you. I have not been working up this case, but naturally I have thought about it, and I tell you, to begin with, that the person I suspect is Fred Seymour."

"Humph," the detective interrupted, sneeringly, "you blame it on young Seymour to screen yourself."

Dick rose from his chair and walked over to the detective with eyes flashing and fists clenched.

"Mr. Moore," he said, "that is enough of that kind of talk. This is my house, and if you don't act like a gentleman while here, I will put you out of it. I asked you for the evidence, and if you can't produce that you shall not taunt me with accusations. I had intended to lead you to a reasonable solution of the case, but if you won't be led I will dismiss you."

The detective eyed Dick, but did not move.

"Keep cool, sir. I am not frightened. You cannot dismiss me, for I am acting under instructions from Mr. Seymour."

"And Mr. Seymour," Dick added, "is acting under instructions from me, so, in short, you are my servant."

This was a new phase of the subject

to Mr. Moore, and his inattention became manifest. Moreover, he did not care to try his physical strength against the muscular young man, who stood before him.

"Well," he said, "proceed. You shall not be interrupted."

Dick remained standing.

"You were not at the Coroner's inquest."

"No, but I have a report of the testimony here," and the detective pulled a paper from a pigeon-hole.

"Let's see Fred Seymour's testimony," Mr. Moore ran his hand over the pages, while Dick stood behind him, looking over the detective's shoulder.

"He testifies," said Dick, "that he came in at the front door and passed through this room into the next room there, and sat down at the table opposite my uncle. He describes his position there, and does not say he got up or moved his chair till he went away."

"Well,"

"Then step this way, please," and Dick went into the adjoining room. Dick took a chair and set it by the table, where Fred testified he sat.

"Sit down there," said Dick.

The chair was loose-jointed, and Mr. Moore examined it suspiciously, before he obeyed. Then Dick placed the door ajar.

"What do you see in the other room?" "The corner of the bed."

"How could Fred Seymour see the box?"

The detective did not answer, but followed Dick back into the bed-room. There he scanned the position of various objects. Silence ensued while Dick waited for an answer.

"The bed may not have been then where it is now," Mr. Moore said, musingly.

"That is the only place that bed can stand in this room without blocking a doorway," Dick replied. "And do you suppose my uncle amused himself that afternoon, by moving the bed back and forth from one side of the room to the other? Why, sir, that bed can't be moved without being taken down. It will fall down. It is just like the rest of this furniture."

Again there was a pause. Dick waiting for Mr. Moore to speak, but the detective was meditating. Dick sat down at the desk and began to peruse the testimony. The detective's perplexed thoughts were interrupted by Dick saying,

"Here is another point that ought to be investigated. Seymour testifies that when he gave my uncle the note and the check, my uncle put them both into his outside coat pocket. Where are those clothes?"

Without a word the detective went to the closet in the corner, took down the coat and vest of the murdered man, brought them out and laid them on the bed. The sight of the sleek, threadbare outer garment brought a strange feeling to Dick, and a lump came into his throat, but when the detective fumbled through the coat pockets, in a business-like way, the tender cord which had been touched, ceased to vibrate. Only one paper was found. That was the canceled note. The check was not there. When Mr. Moore had satisfied himself, a troubled expression came into his face, and he stood gazing at the crumpled paper and the dead man's clothes. Then he sat down by the desk in a studious attitude, and fixed his eyes on the floor. Dick did not suggest that Fred probably knew the whereabouts of that check, but allowed the detective to draw